

The Musical World.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT.

A RECORD OF MUSIC, THE DRAMA, LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE, &c.

Terms of Subscription, per Annum, 16s. Stamped; 12s. Unstamped; to be forwarded by Money Order or Postage Stamps, to the Publisher, W. S. Johnson, "Nassau Steam Press," 60, St. Martin's Lane, Charing Cross.

No. 31.—VOL. XXV.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1850.

PRICE THREEPENCE
STAMPED FOURPENCE

VIVIER.

THE accomplished and witty and humorous and mischievous *virtuoso*—the cornist à quatre bouches—is gone to Wiesbaden, where Madlle. Jenny Lind has kindly proposed to sing at a concert for his benefit. Vivier left London, by the mail train, for Dover, on Saturday night, in company with Madlle. Rachel and the French comedians. It is to be feared that Melpomene may be metamorphosed into Thalia in the course of the journey, and that the tears which stream down the cheeks of the incomparable tragedian, for a week to come, may be tears of mirth instead of sorrow. Had we been lucky enough to be near Madlle. Rachel on the occasion we should have whispered in her ear—CAVE VIVIEREM! It would hardly befit the fame and dignity of the "black-browed Queen of Night" to be caught laughing in one of the most terrible scenes of *Phédre*, or smiling in the midst of Hermione's denunciation of Orestes. But if she comes much in contact with Vivier on the road we will not guarantee her from some such mishap. Luckily the irresistible Frenchman was seated by the side of M. Raphael, and the General Gudianoff*, in the mail train, while Rachel was in an adjacent carriage. But then there was still the danger of the steam-boat, and Vivier is rarely affected with the *mal de mer*. However, as Rachel was bound for Berlin, and Vivier for Wiesbaden, they must perforce have parted company at Cologne, which is some consolation. Let us hope that Vivier will be satisfied with two victims, and that M. Raphael and the General Gudianoff may alone be sacrificed on the altar of the god of laughter. For his own sake, moreover, we sincerely trust that Vivier may spare the cheeks of Rachel; for if—of which there cannot be much doubt—he succeeds in extorting a smile, we will not answer for his peace of mind hereafter. Terrible as is Rachel's frown, it is much less dangerous than her smile.

RACHEL.

THE soul of tragedy has taken wing. The great actress has left us. She started on Saturday night for Berlin, and by this time, no doubt, will have made her first appearance in the Prussian capital. Although the Opera, one of the largest theatres in Europe, has been appointed as the arena for her performances, so intense is public curiosity to see Rachel, that every place has been secured for many nights in advance. She will remain a month at Berlin, and thence proceed to Vienna. That a triumph awaits her in both cities may be reasonably predicted.

Of Rachel's five visits to England, perhaps the most successful was the last. Confident of appreciation from the outset, she exerted more than her usual energy to astonish and delight her audience. The result has been a series of

representations that must for ever remain graven on the memory of those who had the good luck to witness them. The genius of the actress seemed to expand as the time for departure drew nigh, and her desire of pleasing to increase as the occasions became rarer for indulging it. Her three final performances were transcendent. Rachel, who has long surpassed all others, surpassed herself.

We spoke of *Marie Stuart* in our last; and enough has been said of *Adrienne Lecouvreur*—that marvellous exhibition of histrionic art, by which Rachel convinced every one who saw M. Scribe's play, that, in the sinuous paths of the modern drama, she was as much at her ease, and as much beyond the reach of competition, as in the loftier walk of classical tragedy. Further allusion to these would be superfluous. But of *Camille*, which was Rachel's last performance, we could speak for ever, were not language too poor to do it homage. It was one of those ebullitions of genius, rarely witnessed, impossible to be forgotten, which are referred to in after life. Who saw it, without coming away better, if not wiser, is to be pitied.

The love of country is sublime—the love of species beautiful; the one a noble sacrifice, the other a passionate affection. Corneille, who knew the human heart, never more aptly showed his science than in drawing the character of *Camille*—his masterpiece, and one of the masterpieces of dramatic poetry. Shakspeare himself would have been proud of such a creation. *Camille* shines not only by her own intrinsic light, but by contrast with the mistaken beings who surround her. She is a glorious piece of nature, in a world of artificial pride and imaginary self-sacrifice—all the more lovely from her great unlikeness to her companions. How old Horace—the frigid incarnation of a Roman virtue, with his love of country and indifference to kin—fades away into a pale abstraction by the side of that young maiden, whose soft bosom is corroded, whose gentle soul inflamed, by circumstances over which she has no control! Of all the personages in the drama, *Camille* alone speaks from the heart—*Camille* alone is true and single-minded. Horace and his son are statues, set in motion by a machinery which has been nick-named patriotism, strutting mechanically under a bloody standard. They have no feeling, but prostrate themselves before a name, and set up a stone to a blind idol. Their god is VANITY. It sees not distinctions, and like the Indian Juggernaut, crushes, in its eyeless course, the hopes and passions of humanity. *Camille*, who knows no sophistry and only learns the Baal worship of power and carnage to despise it—*Camille* is the tender flower, whose scattered petals and broken stem remain, as emblems of a fierce and bloody contest. Ambition has triumphed over love, and the fragile maiden, whose soft smile threw a radiance on the dark home of the Roman savages, is trampled under foot. But the prophecy of her madness was fulfilled. Rome became a prey to barbarians, and the curse that fled from those gentle lips, under the fatal impulse of despair, was afterwards terribly accomplished.

* Director of the Imperial Italian Opera at St. Petersburg.

Camille is the real heroine of the play. No one cares for old Horace and his homicidal son. But who among us does not weep for Camille and her lost love? Who—when with foolish pride, his sword reeking with the gore of Curia, young Horace insolently claims his sister's sympathy—who does not, heart and soul, make cause with Camille, and word by word, with inward tongue, echo her fierce disdain and withering reproaches?

And yet we have seen the play acted in such a manner that our interest was all for Horace. But Rachel did not play Camille. The divine fire was not in the Roman maiden; her frame did not quiver with intense emotion; her lips did not tremble with the words of an oracle. We felt for Camille, and pitied her; but we admired Horace, and applauded his heroic son, stained with the blood of his oldest and most intimate companions, whom he had slaughtered for a quibble. Whether the name should be Rome or Alba, was the question. The sword decided it—and a heart was broken and a roof made desolate. The truth is, until we saw Rachel, we did not half appreciate the value of Camille. It is not only that she delivers the speeches, which Corneille has put into the mouth of the young girl, with more point and eloquence than any one else could deliver them; but it is the finished art with which she brings before you the actual personage, instead of the mere preacher of sentiments, that astonishes and delights you. Before Camille has a single declamatory phrase to utter, Rachel has told you her character, and laid her heart bare before you. By her most expressive by-play she lets you fully into her secret, and you are able to observe that Camille is not an unmoved anticipator of the deeds about to be perpetrated, "for the glory and good of Rome." From the very first her interest is excited, and in the speaking looks and gestures of Rachel, her silent watchfulness becomes the engrossing feature of the play. That Corneille intended this we are inclined to believe; but, until Rachel appeared as his interpreter, his meaning was half hidden from the audience.

We have spoken of the voice of Rachel; we have said that it was "music;" and truly, in the earlier scenes of *Les Horaces*, before the march of events has developed the character of Camille, aroused her inert faculties, and expanded her from a bud of quiet patience into a fiery rose of passion, there is a charm in the simple parlance of Rachel which no melody can excel—a grateful softness of tone, a rich variety of modulation, conveying every accent to the heart. The voice of Rachel is a deep well of sound, from which the soul can drink of sorrow or content, according as she wills it; it flows ever on and on, like the ocean, which rests not in sunshine or in darkness; as to the song of the siren, all must stop and listen; none can resist its influence.

We have said that Rachel wears the Greek and Roman costume more naturally than any other woman. A nymph from the chisel of Phydias, warmed into life by the breath of an unseen spirit, could not more happily become the flowing robes, that hang from her sloping shoulders like the branches from the willow. But Rachel is more graceful than the willow. The aspirations of her gentle spirit are not earthward, like the tree, but heavenward, like the dove. True, she is the sybil with the drooping brow; but the lashes, which half conceal the beauty of her eyes, are the sentinels that guard the world from catching fire. The dress of the Roman virgin fits her as though it were a part of herself; its folds appear to sympathise with every movement of her person, and the drapery clings to her as with the close embrace of love. In the first scenes, to which we have alluded, there

is a great and irresistible attraction in this marriage of a voice, harmonious as the breeze, to gestures that speak a language of their own, and are, as it were, the accompaniment to the melody; for Camille has little to say, in which force or showy declamation is required, until the third act.

But when the contest is announced, when the three sons of Horace, her own brothers, are drawn up, in armed battle, against the three Curiatii, her friends—one of whom is her lover and betrothed husband—the energetic part of the character of Camille begins gradually to unfold itself. Leaning on the back of a chair, like a tender lily on its ozier band, as the incidents, one by one, are narrated by the messenger of death, the changing play of features, which Rachel has at such marvellous command, plainly indicates the effect that every word produces upon Camille. The death of her two brothers is a fearful blow, and the brief exclamation, "O mes freres!", falls from her lips like audible tears. A gleam of hope passes over her countenance as she learns of the feigned flight of Horace; but when she hears that the retreat was but a stratagem, that two of the Curiatii have been slain by the younger Horace, and that the sole remaining combatants are her brother and her lover, the agony of her feelings almost turns her into stone. With locked hands and wild looks, she can but stand still and listen. Every word and gesture of the messenger seems to touch some particular nerve, and cause her whole frame to thrill with prophetic pain. She fears for Horace, but she hopes for Curia. The dreadful truth at length is told. The fatal blow has been dealt, which decides the fate of Rome and of Camille. Her brother has killed her lover. As though suddenly deprived of sight, Rachel recedes towards the chair, and with wandering hands, endeavors to find the resting place which is destined to receive her prostrate and unconscious form. After many changes of position—the convulsive movements of one in whom mental anguish assumes the guise of bodily pain—she awakes from her trance. Nature now assumes its empire, and her pent up feelings are let loose in a flood of tears and sobs, which are but the big drops of rain that precede the thunder storm. Grief dies in the arms of despair, and weeping gives way to rage. The explosion is gradual, but terrific. The manner in which Rachel shows the paroxysm accumulating in intensity, step by step, through every passage of the touching soliloquy in which she recapitulates the history of her love, until, her feelings worked up to frenzy, she resolves on stinging her brother to the quick by contemptuous reproaches, is a masterstroke of genius and art, that perhaps no dramatic effort has ever approached.

The climax is appalling. Camille, now erect and menacing, uses her tongue as a whip, and lashes her brother into fury, until the avalanche of irony and hatred, hurled at him in the famous curse on Rome, exceeds the limits of endurance, and he kills her with his sword. It is not merely the power with which Rachel delivers this burning prophecy—commencing in a whisper on the word, "Rome!", as if rage had suddenly deprived her of speech, and she sickened to utter its detested sound—that gives it its terrible effect. Stricken with sudden madness, waving her arms with sublime and threatening attitudes, yet tottering, half-exhausted under the weight of her overwhelming passion, Rachel is the avenging fiend, already come to chastise Rome for its iniquities. Her shriek is frightful, when Horace plunges his sword into her breast; and the semblance of instantaneous death, wonderfully put on, closes a scene which could not be endured one instant longer.

This is but a poor attempt to convey an impression of so extraordinary a performance as the Camille of Rachel, which to be appreciated must be seen. On Friday night, whether,

because it was the occasion of her farewell, the last of a succession of twelve brilliant triumphs—or whether, wrought upon by that strong identification with the character, which when Rachel acts, makes her wholly forget herself, and is one of the great secrets of the effect she produces—the superb tragedian found her physical force redoubled, we cannot pretend to say; but most certainly we never recollect her so amazing, nor did we ever see an audience so intensely excited, even by one of her own performances. She was indeed inspired. Her voice was as a thunderbolt in the grander passages, while in the softer it fell upon the ear like

"The voice of one's own soul heard in the calm of thought."

But Rachel has left us, to weep for her loss. What can replace her? Nothing! So much power and majesty, in a form so slight, is scarcely credible; and until you have had a long look at her face you cannot believe it possible. But from that wonderful countenance—that lofty forehead—those infinite eyes, burning with the fire of genius in their recesses—that fine incomparable mouth, so intensely and variously expressive—the whole truth flashes like inspiration, and you own the presence of the Goddess of Tragedy—which is but another and a feebler name for RACHEL.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

La Figlia del Reggimento was repeated on Saturday, and Madame Sontag came out stronger than ever as Maria. The public had not anticipated such an extraordinary display of spirit and vivacity from the charming singer, who in many respects even surpasses Jenny Lind in one of her best parts. Madame Sontag omits the *adagio* in the grand air of the second act, but, *en revanche*, she sings the *adagio* in the first *finale* to perfection. Gardoni's Tonio is one of his most delightful assumptions. The accomplished tenor has never been in better voice, has never sung more gracefully, and has never exhibited more intelligence as an actor, than since his return from St. Petersburg. F. Lablache is the best Sulpizio we have seen, either in England or on the Continent.

On Tuesday, there was an excellent performance of *Don Giovanni*. The Zerlina of Madame Sontag improves on intimate acquaintance. We must also strongly commend the manner in which Madame Giuliani sang the difficult aria, in E flat, of Elvira, and, indeed, all the music of that part. The other characters were as before; and Balfe, as usual, exhibited his best generalship in the conduct of this, his favourite opera. But why does the talented director allow the splendid scene of the statue, the greatest inspiration of Mozart, to be so shamefully cut? It is little short of blasphemous to meddle with such incomparable music. Balfe should set his face against it.

On Thursday, after the *Tempesta*—about which the language has been exhausted—Madame Frezzolini gave one of her best scenes from *L'Elisir*. She was in fine voice and sang with great brilliancy and animation. Mlle. Amalia Ferraris also made a decided hit in *La Prima Ballerina*, a favourite divertimento of Taglioni, which was played last year for Rosati, and was revived on Thursday, expressly for Mr. Lumley's new *dansuse*.

To night, *La Tempesta* will be given for the last time; and on Thursday the unparalleled Carlotta Grisi takes her benefit, her renewed engagement being near its conclusion. The opera season, by the way, is rapidly drawing to an end.

MADAME MONTENEGRO.—This favourite *cantatrice*, with Signor and Signora Santiago, continue to attract crowded houses at Marseilles, in spite of the immense heat. *Lucrezia Borgia* has created a *furore* equal to *Norma*.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

La Juive has held possession of the Royal Italian Opera boards during the week, although circumstances occurred which might have stopped its progress in full career. Mario's illness on the first night was a great drawback to the success of the new opera, but his recovery on the second night, when *La Juive* was represented for the second time, was almost neutralised by the sudden indisposition of Formes, and the substitution in the Cardinal, of Zelger, who played the part at a very short notice. A cloud was thus thrown over the two first performances, which it will take some time to dissipate. Nor had Mario entirely recovered on Saturday. He sang beautifully, but he was afraid to abandon his voice to his impulses, and in consequence failed to produce the startling effects which were so confidently anticipated. The glorious tenor, however, took ample revenge on Tuesday, and sang and acted with astonishing vigour and truthfulness. The great scene in the second act was powerfully given, and was received with thunders of applause. The *romanza* in the last act was a splendid vocal effort.

Formes was able to sing on Tuesday, and to repeat his triumph of the previous Thursday. The Cardinal of Herr Formes is a grand conception, and is certainly one of the most complete characters in which he has yet appeared. His last scene was exceedingly fine.

We have already paid a just tribute to the superb singing and powerful acting of Madame Viardot. We think, nevertheless, that the part of Rachel, vocally speaking, is an ungrateful one for the artist. She has no brilliant melody nor striking phrases to sing. The music given to Rachel is almost entirely melodramatic. To how much greater advantage does Madame Viardot appear in Valentine, or Fides—not because her acting and singing are superior, but because the music is of a more impressive, characteristic, and captivating nature. For this reason we cannot anticipate as great a success for Madame Viardot in Rachel as in Fides. The artist, undoubtedly, has done everything for the part of the Jewess; but the greatest amount of genius could not render the music entirely intelligible to unaccustomed ears.

It need hardly be told how much better the opera now goes than it did at the two first performances. Mario has recovered, and Formes has resumed his post, and both have fine parts—as far as the acting is concerned,—and the chorus has gained by practice, and the audiences appear to understand the music a little better, and everything wears an air of improvement.

If *La Juive* were worth hearing the first night, it is ten times more worth hearing now.

We are delighted to announce that *Fidelio* will be brought out on Thursday week. That indeed will be, or ought to be, a feast of the soul.

THE PUBLIC GRANT TO THE PRIVATE ACADEMY IN TRAFALGAR-SQUARE.

"The Institution of the Royal Academy of Arts is not a public but private one, founded by the Sovereign, and supported either by the means of the Sovereign or by its own, if it have or can acquire any. . . . It is in no way under public or Government control; but the Government may be said to be indebted to the Sovereign for an institution for the promotion of fine art without being the smallest expense to the nation."—*Jones's Life of Sir F. Chantrey.*

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—When first established in 1768, the Royal Academy was not intended to be what it has since had the credit of being—a great national establishment. The "instrument of

institution" was therefore framed in strict accordance with its own particular mercantile interests, or supposed interests, as a private society trafficking for profit, competing with another private society—the "Incorporated Artists;" and these laws are still in force, to the serious injury of other societies of artists, and the destruction of all free competition. The most important privilege possessed by the Royal Academy is the power of conferring diplomas in art, but conventional titles, it is true, imposing only on the ignorant and vulgar, nevertheless frequently conferring social rank and precedence on persons who have no other claim to public consideration than that of having a "friend at Court"—the modern eupheism for corrupt influence. It is the possession of this power and of Court patronage (the ear of royalty, in fact) which has empowered the Royal Academy to enforce its exclusive regulations. In a free country the existence of such an institution is a complete anomaly, and it has been tolerated only because the artistic body possess neither wealth nor political power; but is that a reason for supporting this petty despotism? If the cruel injustice thus inflicted on a large number of deserving persons were fairly laid before her Majesty, it is scarcely possible to believe that she would refuse to give the whole question her attentive consideration—especially when her Majesty learns that by her sign manual, she is in fact signing away the independence, and frequently the sole means of subsistence possessed by many of her loyal and faithful subjects.

In addition to these privileges, the President of the Royal Academy, in all transactions with the Government, is treated as the representative of the arts. He is, *ex-officio*, trustee of the National Gallery of the British Museum (which stands equally in need of reform), and member of the British Institution. He receives the honour of knighthood, and now enjoys a pension from Government of £300 a year. Moreover, all lucrative appointments connected with the arts are given to Royal Academicians; the guardianship (!) of all the national and royal Galleries—royal commissionships—without the slightest regard to capacity or fitness for the office; and to such an extent is this partiality carried, that in the decoration of the Houses of Parliament, where a system of free competition was originally adopted, while the *successful* prizemen, Messrs. Armitage and Watts, have been entirely passed over, *unsuccessful* academic competitors have received large commissions; and, as a climax to this novel mode of encouraging artists and cultivating the *fine arts*, an academic animal painter, who never entered the arena as a competitor, has been commissioned to decorate the refectory room of the House of Lords with three one thousand guinea pictures of the traditional sports and pastimes of the Peers, and immortalise their lordships' prowess in the (turnip) field—an act of glaring injustice, a national breach of faith, which even the autocrats of Trafalgar-square will find it difficult to palliate.

One of the most objectionable privileges of the Royal Academicians is the power of rejecting and condemning the works of their rivals and competitors, who are compelled to submit to their decisions, or be excluded from all chance of obtaining the diploma of "R.A.," which confers the rank of esquire on its possessor, and on his eldest son; while the unprivileged artists whose works are accepted have the mortification of knowing that at the academic dinner—an auction dinner, in fact—their pictures alone remain undusted, untouched, and unvarnished, unless, as in the instance of Mr. John Martin's "undusted" picture of "Clytie," over which some friendly academician spilled a glittering stream of mastic, which he had no means of removing "until the doors were opened to the public. The cost of this dinner, £300, is de-

frayed by the "shillings." After the exhibition is over, the unprivileged exhibitors are invited to dinner (this is a *charity dinner*) as a favour, and the tickets are charged to the *exhibitors* one pound one "shilling," as a favour. I pass over a number of invidious academic privileges which are denied to other artists, and which (as for instance, the right of importing works of art from abroad duty free) the Royal Academicians refuse to exercise in behalf of their brother artists, yet which this *private* society enjoys at the expense of the *public* revenue.

The royal academicians still occupy, upon sufferance only (tenure they have none, except vague promises, as reported by themselves), a portion of the National Gallery; but, as a private society, they must give way to public convenience, nay, to public justice—*justice* to the great body of British artists—and be either converted into a responsible national institution or deprived of all peculiar privileges.

Such is the private character of this society, into whose revenues the state has no right to make inquiry, but which comes before the public in *formd pauperis*, with £120,000 in the funds, begging for a grant, a site in Westminster Cloisters, or some other central situation, where respectability may shed its refreshing and showery shillings in sufficient abundance. But let the Royal Academy be speedily served with a warning to quit its present locality; let it be abolished as a public nuisance, as a deadly incubus on the arts and artists of Great Britain; and let us, at the same time, give a timely hint to export themselves to the gang of low foreign adventurers who have been foisted on us as *leaders*, but whom we distinctly repudiate, even as *followers*.

I have the honour to be, sir,

Your obedient servant,

WILLIAM CONINGHAM.

THE VERNON GALLERY IN MARLBOROUGH HOUSE.

THE opening of a public gallery exclusively devoted to the works of the chief painters of England, from the last century down to the present time, is an event of more than common interest, not only to the artists whose works may here find an indestructible niche in the Temple of Fame, but to the entire public of every rank and class throughout this metropolis, who may henceforth at their leisure make themselves acquainted with many of the finest productions of their countrymen. Marlborough house was opened yesterday for the first time, by cards of admission, to a private view of the English pictures forming part of the national collection, and including the whole of the late Mr. Vernon's munificent present to the nation. On Monday next, the 5th instant, the public will be admitted on the same liberal conditions which now permit the unrestricted access of all classes to the gallery in Trafalgar-square, and we have no doubt that this English collection of paintings is destined to become one of the most attractive and agreeable places of resort in London. The distribution of these pictures in the positions they now occupy on the ground floor of Marlborough-house, is a vast improvement on the denial of space and light by which they suffered in the lateral closets or the subterranean regions of the building in Trafalgar-square. We acknowledge the desire which the Government has shown to place these pictures in a situation more worthy of the liberality of their donor and of their own excellence, and on this occasion the Sovereign has shown her wonted zeal in promoting the pleasures and cultivating the taste of the people. But we already observe that Marlborough-house is inadequate to the due exhibition of even this part of the national collec-

tion. The rooms are most of them inconveniently small for any public purpose, and will be found, when crowded, to be ill ventilated. The light is in almost all instances bad, but especially in the eastern and western rooms of the suite, the windows being narrow and placed low down in the walls, so that all the larger paintings are lit from below. In the front rooms the light is somewhat stronger, but of course it serves only for the side walls. In short, while this change serves to show how much the effect of the collection may be increased even by a partial amelioration, it reminds us more forcibly than ever that the time is come when an ample and appropriate edifice is more than ever required to meet the just expectations both of our artists and of the public.

The collection, as it is now placed, fills eight rooms on the ground floor of Marlborough house. The first two rooms on the right hand of the principal entrance (passing by Gibson's marble group of "Hylas surprised by the Naiads," which stands in the hall) are filled with English pictures, 44 in number, which are for the most part familiar to the public, as forming part of the National Gallery, *not* of Mr. Vernon's collection. These works consist of all the pictures by Sir Joshua Reynolds, Hogarth, Gainsborough, West, Wilkie, Lawrence, Constable, and Copley, heretofore in the small rooms of Trafalgar Square. As is always the case in changes of position, some of these pictures have gained and some have lost by the move. Wilkie's "Village Festival," Constable's "Corn-field," and the "Marriage à la Mode," are seen with extreme force and increased interest in their present position; and we think Copley's picture of the "Death of Lord Chatham," may be said to have gained; but the larger Sir Joshua's and the Gainsborough's are considerably impaired by the dark heights they have attained; and Lawrence's fine "Portrait of Mrs. Siddons," recently presented to the gallery by Mrs. Fitzhugh, and forming a suitable companion to the "Kemble in Hamlet," is literally extinguished between the windows.

The Vernon collection begins at the third room turning on the left to that suite of apartments which runs along the front of the mansion. We enter at once on Hart's "Synagogue," finely lighted, Wilkie's "Piper," and the largest, though not, perhaps, the most effective of Turner's works in this collection, "The Fates and the Golden Bough." Mr. Leslie's "Sancho Panza in the apartment of the Duchess" is certainly one of the happiest and most powerful specimens of his humorous and natural manner. The centre of the room is worthily filled by an incomparable work of Sir Joshua's—"The Age of Innocence"—one of the happiest specimens of a face now grown as familiar to Englishmen as their domestic affections; and beyond we find Sir Edwin Landseer's "Peace" and "War," two Etty's, and a "Lake of Como" by Stanfield. The fourth room contains one of Newton's charming "window" figures, a small and inadequate specimen of Bonington, studies by Hilton, and Mr. J. Ward's large picture, "The Council of Horses," which would seem to have forced its way very undeservedly into good company. Hard by hangs a "Venice," by Turner, of matchless transparency, with a companion picture, by the same artist, of more sobriety and heaviness of manner, and between them Mr. Eastlake's "Christ mourning over Jerusalem"—a work in which devotional feeling and delicacy of treatment supply in part the want of vigour and brilliancy. In these latter qualities Mr. Webster's handling of a very different subject—the humours of a "Dame School"—presents a forcible contrast to its spiritual neighbour.

The fifth room brings us to Newton's "Yorick and the

Grisette," and two of the large but least powerful landscapes of Sir A. Callcott, painted in a manner which has in our time been still further diluted by his successors. Turner's fine sea-piece of "The Landing of William of Orange at Torbay," hangs opposite the light, and Roberts' "St. Paul's Church at Antwerp" is in the style of ecclesiastical interiors a performance of first-rate excellence. Mr. Uwins has found a good position for his "Vine-gatherers of the Gironde," and we do him the justice to say that the picture well deserves it.

The sixth room is the largest of the suite, and perhaps the best filled—at least, with the works of recent artists. It begins with Wilkie's "Ear-ring"—a picture which marked the early stage of transition to his second manner; and this is followed by one of the most graceful of Etty's compositions, "Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm." On the left hand of the doorway, on entering this room, the visitor will find Sir Augustus Callcott's "Old Pier, Little Hampton"—a picture of extraordinary power and grandeur, painted with a breadth of light and shade and simplicity not unworthy of Rembrandt himself, and highly characteristic of a manner which Callcott unfortunately abandoned for the feebler charms of a softer school. By the side of this work hangs Stothard's "Grecian Vintage"—one of the most finished and vigorous works of that painter, who felt the qualities of antique beauty with the intensity of a Nicolas Poussin. Hilton's large picture of "Edith discovering the dead body of Harold" fills the centre of the room, and eclipses Gainsborough's somewhat uninteresting "Musidora." Goodall's "Village Festival" deserves to be noticed at the further end.

The seventh room contains a specimen of Wilkie's style in the "Peep-o'-day-Boy's Cabin" after the great master of the domestic scenes of England had sacrificed his first manner to a streaky imitation of the Spanish artists, whose force he hardly ever reached. We have then Mr. E. Ward's clever and characteristic works, "Change-alley," and "Dr. Johnson in the ante-room of Lord Chesterfield," and MacIise's powerful, ingenious, but somewhat repulsive picture of "The play scene in *Hamlet*." Stanfield's "Entrance to the Zuyder Sea," and Landseer's "Low life and high life," are also placed in this apartment. A small cabinet or closet, in which Constable's "Valley farm" shines out with great effect by the side of Goodall's "Tired soldier," and two richly coloured Ettys, completes the suite of rooms and the Vernon collection of 155 pictures.

Without any pretension to convert this succinct survey of the Marlborough-house gallery into a critical review, or even a complete list of its treasures, our readers will perceive that this collection presents to them a considerable number of the works of modern artists which are already established favourites of the national taste. We could wish in some few instances that in such a collection none but the very best specimens of each artist had been admitted, for their own sake as well as for the credit of the country, and that the artists themselves who are honoured by a place on these walls should have attained a position in their profession which posterity will not dispute or condemn. But with proper encouragement, we have no doubt that this collection will steadily advance far beyond its present degree of excellence, not only by an increase of the number of pictures it contains, but, what is of more importance, by the possession of the best works of the best English masters. As a gallery entirely produced in less than one century of the history of art in this country, and brought together almost exclusively by the personal liberality of a few patriotic and judicious patrons of our national painters, these pictures present a pleasing and creditable proof

of what has been done amongst ourselves. A more strict selection and more ample opportunities might have procured, in some instances, more perfect specimens of the English painters, which time will probably supply; but in the mean time we congratulate the public on their speedy access to a new pleasure which is in every sense their own.

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The task which Madlle. Rachel had to perform in London in the year 1850 was not to establish her reputation—for that had been established long ago—but to give new animation to those expressions of admiration which through her absence had lost somewhat of their force. Her performances have constituted one career of triumph. Most of the characters have indeed been seen already with her interpretation; but so excellent is every quality she possesses that all she does appears entirely new, and we are astonished to find her delineations so admirable. The passion of Phédre, which works from the heart upon the external frame, which first quietly undermines the health, and then bursts out into the confession, long withheld, of its own existence—the vindictive temperament of Roxane, enabling the actress to use that cutting scythe of irony which seems to be her birthright—the wounded pride and unextinguished love of Hermione, swelling into rage, and softening from rage into grief—the rightful anger and calm resignation of Marie Stuart—the maiden like grief and rage of Camille,—all these are things acknowledged as admirable by every one who had seen the great French tragedienne; but once more brought before us, how wonderful do they appear! It seems as though Rachel revealed to us a world of which we had some faint reminiscence, and which startles us when it rises upon our sight in all its perspicuity.

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The other new character is Adrienne Lecouvreur, in Messrs. Scribe and Gouvé's play of that name—a play which has been the most popular of any produced during Madlle. Rachel's engagement. Its popularity is to be attributed not to its superiority over the other plays, or its better capability for displaying Madlle. Rachel's talent, but to the fact that it is developed more by action than by dialogue, and is therefore more consonant to English notions. Then the utterance of prose dialogue by Madlle. Rachel is a novelty, and the death by poison, which with its terrible details occupies nearly an entire act, is one of those awful realities which almost render an audience ill with excitement. Nevertheless, with all the merits of *Adrienne Lecouvreur*—and it is certainly a very clever comedy of intrigue, with a tragic ending—we still feel that Madlle. Rachel is performing an act of condescension when she plays the heroine.

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of character that made the performance approximate to acting. She seemed to be well appreciated by her audience. The play selected for the second reading, on Wednesday, was *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. J. DE C—.

REVIEWS.

"*Chants for Four Voices*," with *Organ Accompaniment*, edited by W. T. BEST. NOVELLO.

A collection of eighty-five single and double chants by various authors, the best of which are decidedly not the Gregorian specimens which have found their way into the volume. Among several by the editor, our attention is directed to number 61, double chant in E major, which may be taken, not only as a good specimen of Mr. Best's talent, but as a fair example of the average merit of the collection. Many of the eighty-five chants are well known; others are less known; but most of them, once known, are likely to become better known. The book is handsomely got up, and may be recommended as strongly for its exterior as its interior decorations.

"*Eighty Chorales*," by W. T. BEST. NOVELLO.

These chorales are gathered from various sources, and among their authors we find the names of several of the most celebrated musicians. From the title-page we learn that they are newly harmonised by the editor, in four parts. Perhaps, however, Number 10, which we find attributed to *Handel*, and Number 12, attributed to *Glück*, would have been better had the original harmonies of those illustrious composers been preserved, by which several inaccuracies of style, that we have not time nor space at present to particularize, might have been eschewed. At the same time, let us add, that there are many points of harmony which, if not entirely new, denote both good taste and research; but space and time are equally wanting to point out the beauties as the weaknesses of Mr. Best's collection. Should the occasion, however, present itself, time and space permitting, we may possibly devote a column to the examination of both Mr. Best's works.

1. "*The Monte-Christo Polka*." 2. "*Echo Polka*." 3. "*Catalan Polka*." 4. "*Fleur de Marie Polka*." 5. "*The Strathmore Quadrilles*." 6. "*The Court Waltzes*."—RUST. RUST.

No. 1, in C, was evidently inspired by reading the popular romance of Alexander Dumas. The introduction is in C major, and the transition to A flat may be regarded as a musical illustration of poor Dantes' unexpected imprisonment in the dungeons of If. The progression to A major, by an enharmonic change, strongly suggests his equally unexpected escape in the sack of the Abbé Faria, when, plunged by the sturdy gaoles into the depths of the bay of Marseilles, he is miraculously saved by the boat of his friend the pirate—exemplified by his return to the original key. The polka itself is sparkling, especially the trio in A minor, which we think, however, ought not to end in the relative major.

No. 2, in D, is remarkable for the absence of the vulgar expedient of an echo, which, though suggested by the title-page, only appears in the introduction, the shortest and least interesting part of the Polka. The Polka itself is sparkling, especially the Coda, though the passages of double notes are rather difficult for players of dance music; in addition to this, by the way, there is a short echo of four bars in the last two lines of the last page (5), to which, but for its inobtrusiveness, we might possibly object.

No. 3, in A, is evidently suggested by the same romance of Dumas as No. 1. It is more lively, but less ambitious, there being nothing particular in the way of progression, except an

unexpected transition to F, and an equally unexpected return to the original key. The Polka is sparkling, especially the trio in D, a vivacious solo for the cornet.

No. 4, in D, has evidently been inspired by the *Mystères de Paris* of Eugene Sue. The introduction, *con spirito*, calls for no remark; but the Polka is sparkling, and the cornet and clarionet are liberally employed.

No. 5 is the best set of quadrilles we have seen from the pen of Rust. The figures are all lively, especially No. 3, Poule, and No. 5, Finale, both in B flat.

No. 6 begins with an introduction *agitato*, in A minor, of two lines in unison; followed by an *andante sostenuto* for the cornet, which would also be in A minor, but that it passes through a variety of keys, and ends in A major. The waltz is animated, and by varying the rhythm, Rust has avoided monotony in the various figures.

To conclude, we can recommend this dance music as being quite suited to the purpose,—brilliant without being difficult, and exceedingly well arranged for the pianoforte.

VAUXHALL GARDENS.

Some weeks ago a French aeronaut, attempted, and, if we may believe the accounts given, achieved, a balloon ascent on horseback, thus redeeming from the regions of classic fable the wonderful story of Perseus and his Pegasus. Malicious tongues reported that the Frenchman's Pegasus was a blind pony; but still the exhibition proved a popular one, and as what answers on one side of the Channel is generally sure to have a run upon the other, it was natural that the British public should expect to see their Greens and their Gales bestriding chargers in the air, and curacoling amidst "the lazy placid clouds." As our theatres have lived upon the dramatic fertility of our neighbours, what more natural than that Vauxhall should follow in the beaten track of imitation? Accordingly it was announced that "the veteran Green" would on Wednesday evening, at half-past 7 o'clock, "take an airing" on horseback with the Victoria balloon. The inhabitants of this metropolis are partial to aerostation. What secret influences lead them in such crowds to exhibitions of the kind it is needless to inquire. Perhaps the same motives that induced a gentleman for many successive nights to attend Van Amburgh's show of wild beasts. However this may be, the fit was strong upon them on Wednesday night. The up-river boats were crammed with passengers to the gardens; every point whence a view of the ascent could be commanded was crowded; the roads were thronged with people, and even within the gardens, undeterred by the half-crown entrance fee, and another half-crown for admission to the balloon ground, a goodly number of the curious spectators had collected. In the centre of the grounds, whereto the fireworks are usually discharged, the balloon was placed, and preparations were busily made for the daring ascent. The inflation was complete, the balloon all in readiness, and every thing else ready. Mr. Green himself was there, fastening and unloosing cords, arranging the paraphernalia of his car, and otherwise getting in trim for his airy flight. Still the promised Pegasus was not forthcoming, and as the anxious spectators watched the proceedings they expected every moment to be startled by the neigh of some great charger, and to see him come prancing forward. Judge, therefore, their astonishment, when from among the feet of some half-dozen workmen, who had up to the last moment surrounded the balloon, a diminutive little animal, not larger than an under-sized Newfoundland dog, and smaller than the smallest breed of Shetland ponies, was taken and placed in the car. This dwarf quadruped, the Tom Thumb of its species, which must have been stunted in its growth by potatoes of gin, and could never have seen corn or grass, was bedecked with velvet and tinsel, after the fashion of an "infant phenomenon;" and the whisper ran round, though for its accuracy we do not vouch, that it was the same sagacious pony which at Astley's Theatre, hard-by, fires a pistol, drinks beer with the clown, and smokes a clay pipe, to the infinite amusement of the spectators. The poor little creature's evident terror at the new "rôle" it was about to play might well have excited some commiseration, and

certainly justified the humane application made on Tuesday, with reference to this subject, at the Lambeth Police-court. Placed in the car, its feet were fastened to certain sockets in which they were placed. Its eyes were carefully bandaged, and as if the strength of the Mammoth horse was concentrated in its diminutive frame, a hundred cords were in requisition to insure its quiescence. Over the whole arrangements the "intrepid" aeronaut himself presided, at one moment carefully binding the pony's limbs, and at the next gently soothing him with his hand. At last, everything was ready, and Mr. Green proceeded to mount his charger.

The spectacle hardly recalled the story of Alexander and Bucephalus. A pile of sand-bags placed on either side of the pony sustained the weight of the aeronaut, which the poor animal itself was evidently unable to bear. Thus mounted, Mr. Green took his departure and was soon at a distance which defied the best vision to follow. Wherever he alights, it is to be hoped that his steed will have gained in size and strength ere it again touches *terra firma*, and that the veteran aeronaut, when he next promises an ascent on horseback, will really go up riding on a horse, and not on the most diminutive of ponies.

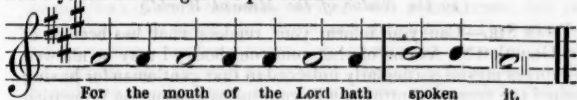
The exhibition would have been far more effective, as far as the spectators were concerned, and far less obnoxious to the Humane Society, if Mr. Green had "gone up aloft" on a good substantial rocking or dummy horse, borrowed for the occasion from some toy-shop or saddler's warehouse.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

GREGORIAN CHANTS.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

DEAR SIR,—There is a passage in the quotations given the week before last, from the *Christian Remembrancer*, which may not perhaps to some appear quite intelligible. It is the following: "Must we go to Exeter Hall to hear the lost echoes of the Church's glory?" It is as well, therefore, to observe, that the writer in the periodical just named, had previously modestly set forth that Handel's *Messiah* (among other of his oratorios) "abounds in features of the ancient Church song," because it contains certain little "ups and downs" that are as simple as Gregorian Chants, and which are *universal* property. And after doing so, he grandiloquently exclaims, "What matters it that Westminster Abbey has forgotten its eighth tone?" Is it not year after year sung in the Hanover Square Rooms for the benefit of the Royal Society of Musicians? Who is there that has not heard the first chorus of the *Messiah*, "And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed;" and who that has once heard it from the Quire of the Sacred Harmonic Society, can ever forget the proclamation?



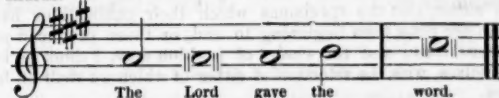
It will be observed that Handel's rhythm is destroyed to forward this party view. A very good and sufficient reply to the above somewhat pompous declaration is to be found in the last part of *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, which contains a paper entitled *Notes on Music*, in which occurs the following observations: "All nations sing; and in the lowest state of civilization are found rudiments of the harmonious art in the form of air or tune. Among mere savages these are generally monotonous. A missionary mentions that he heard a native of New Guinea sing for upwards of an hour the praises of his deceased chief, but the air was entirely composed of two notes, A and B."

Another chorus that is said to be founded on the same eighth tone, is Handel's; "They now contract."



and it is said to be for no better reason than because it commences with an ascent of a whole tone, and is followed by a return. Nothing is said about the remaining and florid part of the subject, which would have disproved the party view of the *Christian Remembrancer*.

The writer then proceeds to say, "If it were possible to imagine the most impossible of all impossible things—the lasting oblivion of the ancient chants in our services, the mighty Handel has himself rendered their destruction a thing beyond human power to accomplish. Let the Quire of St. Paul's continue to neglect the first tone, Handel echoes it in their ears from the 200 men of Exeter Hall, in the chorus."



All this reads very magnificently; but is it not fine verbiage rather than correct reasoning? This will be the best discovered by observing the writer's line of argument when speaking of the Anglican Chants. He brings forward Soaper's, among others, all of which he designates as "imitations of the merry trolls sung by our low Churchmen."



But a glance at the above will be sufficient to discover that Soaper's Chant opens with the *self-same progression* as Handel's chorus, "The Lord gave the word;" the second and fourth parts are "little else than the Peregrine;" and the third and only remaining portion is almost identical with the first. Now what becomes of the insinuation of the *Christian Remembrancer*, that the Quire of St. Paul's neglects the first tone (or the Peregrine either) if it retains the use of Soaper's Chant, as I understand it does? It is mere trifling. The fact is, the "tracing" system, which seems to have originated with the *Christian Remembrancer* as far back as 1846, and has since been followed by most of the High Church periodicals from that time to this, is just the very worst and weakest device that could have been hit upon wherewith to prop up a weak and fanciful cause; for in effect it brings back, admits, and even authorises the retention of all that which Gregorian party spirit would fain have extirpated; and what is really unfortunate, receives, as we have seen, the bad alike with the good.

But there is a question that arises out of the Gregorian "tracing" system which may here, I think, be most seasonably brought forward. Why should the Gregorian chants be set up as a standard whereby to test church music at all? Why should a resemblance or otherwise, in regard to them, be counted either as a merit or a demerit? Did they originate from so pure a source, that they are to be elevated in such a manner? The melodies which St. Ambrose and Gregory improved, were those sung by the Greek chorus in the tragedies—old theatrical tunes, in fact—and if we trace them back still further, we find them used in the service of the Pagan temples. So that it is not, after all, when the real merits of the case come to be considered, half so clear that Anglican chants and Handel's choruses are taken from the Gregorian chants, as that the Gregorian chants are themselves taken from ancient secular and Pagan tunes. Under such circumstances as these, surely it would have been much more becoming had their advocates exaggerated their importance and "real merits" less woefully than they have done. As it is, the inordinate praise lavished on them only throws out the following piece of inconsistency—gross enough in itself—in still stronger relief than it would otherwise appear. Because a desire exists in a certain quarter to return to the use of these "Pagan tunes" (as a writer in the *Athenaeum* frankly terms them), they are vowed to be the very perfection of Christian church chants; but inasmuch as the architecture of the Pagan temples,

which forms the groundwork of most of the churches of Inigo Jones, Sir Christopher Wren, and others, is such as the same party does not desire to see retained, it declares that to be totally unfit for church purposes, and that no amount of modification or development—corresponding with what was done by St. Ambrose and Gregory for the music sung in the same temples—would make it so. Correct taste and artistic feeling, indeed, are to be allowed to guide the judgment in regard to church architecture; but are to be denied even so much as a hearing in the cause of church music.

But to return. The "tracing system," on which so much has been said, has involved its originators in a most uncomfortable dilemma. One of the two following points they are bound to admit; either, that the specimens which their publications have put forth are false from beginning to end, or those produced *per contra* are true; and the choice of position may, I think be left to themselves, with the selection of either of which we shall all feel satisfied.

And now, before I close, will your correspondent "Anglican-Gregorian" allow me to correct a misapprehension under which I fancy he labours? From the following passage in his letter,—*"Supposing them (the Gregorians) in that form (harmonised) to be good, which I in good faith think they are, why condemn them merely for the sake of party spirit?"*—I imagine him to have concluded that I am opposed to the harmonisation of the Gregorian chants; whereas, the reverse is the case, as he will gather from my letter in No. 27, and will be more fully shown in a subsequent communication. My own impression entirely coincides with his in this matter. What I have objected to is, people availing themselves of the harmonies that were added to the Gregorian chants by the early church "organists and quiremen," and profiting from the models which the best Anglican chants present; and yet abusing the very men and music from whom and which they have learned and profited so much. This I do consider to be most unjust and discreditable; nor can I persuade myself to think it an exhibition of "party spirit" to say so.

One word more. The letter of "G. R. C." is most important, in many respects, and particularly so as proving that the Gregorian chants are not quite so easy as some would have them supposed to be. Next week I hope to give one of the many reasons why this should be the case. Until then, I beg to remain yours very sincerely,

AN ORGANIST.

July 30, 1850.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

DEAR SIR,—I wish to express my thanks to "An Organist" for his information respecting the date at which the so-called Gregorian notation came first into use. This name for it is chronologically a hoax. The application of Gregorian to the cunning which contrived the attainment of variety by making unnatural key-notes from all the notes of the hexachord, is a musical hoax. When arrived at the necessity to cover the nakedness of these distortions called "Tones or Modes," with harmony, or Anglicism, the concealment of the want of skill to do so, except by means of arbitrary dominants and subdominants adapted to each of them, is a humbug. The attempt to retrograde into the antemusical and unrythmic Gregorian Chant, in which the people cannot join, although it is, in pure affectation, called the "People's Song," is a humbug. The attempt to decry the peculiarly fascinating, rythmical Anglican Chant, in which the people do easily join, is a humbug. The assumption of a multitude of names, for one or two persons, who has, or who have written criticisms deprecatory of Mr. Monk's Angli-chants in particular, is a humbug. The affectation of persons writing fine ecclesiastical music, inasmuch as it imitates the uncountness of the Gregorian Chants and ecclesiastical modes, is an especial humbug. The imitation of the ancient and the mediæval architecture, constructed when the science of building was thoroughly known, is not a humbug.

I perceive that my last correspondence has stirred up one of the "metamorphosed descendants" to cock up his ears and to open his mouth. All that I have to advise is, "Let the galled jade wince; our withers are unwrung."

What I have had to say in respect of Gregorianism, I have written in sincerity, and, if I may take the evidence of "A Church-

man," in truth, all that "A Parish Organist" has written, except his quotations, has been asserted with much earnestness, but, in all respects, without one word of truth. He has mistaken the character of his man. He has thrown a strong light upon his own capabilities.

P.S. By the way, as plain-thinking churchgoers are becoming more and more attached to simplicity and truth, how may the mediæval introductions of your correspondent affect injuriously his parish church income? Perhaps "A Parish Organist" may have the kindness to say whether or not his parish church is fully attended.—Yours truly,

J. M. X.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—I hardly know how to thank you sufficiently for giving publicity to the numerous temperate letters you have laid before your readers, on the subject of the Gregorian Chants.

The controversy is one that must have commanded the deepest attention from all musicians and churchmen, who have the welfare of the English Congregational Music at heart. My precise object, however, in now writing to you, is to offer a suggestion which I feel satisfied must have occurred to many of your subscribers, viz:—that the correspondence, so far as it has yet gone, be collected and printed in the form of a pamphlet. The importance of doing so I will explain in a few words as possible. In the first place: let the circulation of the *Musical World* be what it may, the letters cannot have come under the consideration of one fiftieth part of those who ought to see them. The discussion must be of equal interest to all classes; to those who take opposite views of the matter; to the Clergy, Organists, and Quiremen; and the Laity, in general,—and I scarcely can see how they can be circulated to the desired extent in any other way than that I have just proposed, considering that many of the numbers are not now to be had.

If my suggestion should meet with favorable consideration, I would add, that as much of the controversy should be included in a "Sixpenny Part," as conveniently can be, and a 2nd Part issued as soon as sufficient materials have appeared to form the same, and so on. If so much has already appeared, as will form two parts, so much the better.

And now, as an earnest of my good faith, I beg to forward my name for two dozen copies, with the hope, Sir, that the encouragement I offer may be the least that you may receive from any of your subscribers. I remain, Sir, your faithful servant,

Z. Z.

July 31st, 1850.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

DEAR SIR,—Can you inform your readers what has become of Dr. Gauntlett? As one of that numerous body, I may be allowed to express myself particularly indebted to that gentleman for having opened the present controversy in your pages concerning Gregorian Chants,—a discussion, I may observe, that promises to be attended with such important and good results to the cause of genuine English Church music. His sudden and unexpected retirement from the field, on his statements being questioned, being likely to be taken for a desertion of his own cause, must be my apology for thus troubling you.—Very truly yours,

X. K. Q.

Will the learned doctor answer for himself?—Eà. M. W.]

THE POPULAR PERFORMANCE OF THE "MESSIAH" AT LEICESTER.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—I am glad to find that I hoped rightly, viz:—that no Leicester professor penned the musical notice to which I replied the other week. But how is it that your four correspondents, who give their names, overlook the fact that the communications to which they reply were provoked by the malicious attack of the person who now signs himself "Anti-Humbug," in whose freedom from *cliqueism*, &c., &c., I will believe when you furnish me with his *real name and address*, or the name and address furnished to you. I am only sorry, for the sake of your professional correspondents, (to advance whose interests I have done more in my humble way, than I did in this instance for the Mechanics' Institute,) that

the second letter of "Anti-Humbug" should have appeared concurrently with their own note, which also contains an ill-judged and undeserved sarcasm as to the abilities, natural and acquired, of a resident broken professor. Heaven help provincial professors and performances, if all were criticized in the same spirit! The only other remark I think it necessary to make is, that Mr. McEwan, when speaking of the Harmonium as "meagre," meant in comparison with the organ; and that his phrase "heterogeneous mass" is the counterpart of what I have heard from him when speaking of other choral performances in which *amateurs* necessarily composed the major part of the orchestra. I am, Sir, with good wishes for the prosperity of the whole profession, your obedient servant,

GEORGE SMALLFIELD.

Mercury Office.

P.S.—Mr. Gardiner wishes me to state, that your anonymous correspondent needs a cloak, when he can so unblushingly make such wilful mis-statements as he does; but that, if that person will throw off his cloak, and give his name, as an honest man telling the truth need never be ashamed to do, he (Mr. Gardiner) is quite prepared to defend the short notice he wrote for the journal. It is only an act of justice to Mr. Gardiner to add, that he was in no way concerned in getting up the performance; that he went as a simple visitor; that his writing that notice was purely one of those impulsive, kind actions he has often performed with a view to promote the appreciation and study of music in Leicester;—and seeing that Mr. Gardiner was present at both performances, he surely is more entitled to credence than a person who says he was not present at the first performance, while his positive mis-statements render it certain that he was also either not present at the second, or else that he does not know how to speak the truth.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—I am sorry to be again compelled to trouble you on a disagreeable subject, but as four gentlemen have fitted upon their own heads the cap contained in the letters which appeared in answer to the pseudo-critique on the *Messiah*, as performed here on July 8, although neither their names, nor "the promoters of the Leicester Monthly Concerts," were mentioned in those letters, nor, indeed, any other persons, except as identified by certain actions, which any professional parties ought to be deeply ashamed of acknowledging as pointing out themselves; and as those gentlemen have thought fit to indulge in some uncalled-for personal remarks upon myself, I feel bound to reply.

With respect to their denial of the paragraph reflecting upon the performance, I believe one of them to be too proud and too much a man of honour to be guilty of such a meanness; but you, Mr. Editor, must know, that there are many ways of getting up a communication, besides putting pen to paper, or even dictating for the purpose, and circumstances which have come to my knowledge, in addition to the reply of the paragraph writer, leads me to a belief of a very close connection, if not absolute identity, of that person with some of the party who so very "distinctly deny" the imputation in question.

I, like those gentlemen, "have no spleen to gratify," &c., and therefore I do not think it necessary to enter into a discussion of what, in my opinion, is a very debateable question, Mozart's accompaniments to the *Messiah*; but I say that those gentlemen ought to have had the candour to have seen that what I might say apparently in praise of myself, was said under protest, and in my defence against the scurrility of *their own correspondent*; and I may further say, that if I had a still higher opinion of myself than I have, it would not be equal to that which every man among them entertains, and perhaps justly, of himself, though he has fortunately not been compelled to commit it to writing.

I cannot stoop to bandy words with your anonymous correspondent "Anti-Humbug," who takes advantage of his mask to deal out falsehoods which he dares not repeat openly, and which he well knows in his conscience to be untrue. I, however, warn him that he has said enough to show who he is, and I do not hesitate to state my thorough conviction, that this cowardly backbiter, who dares not sign his name to his letter, never heard a note of the performance which he has taken upon himself to vilify.

As to the insinuation that Mr. Gardiner, Mr. Smallfield, and myself, form the *real clique*, it is but just to Mr. Gardiner to say, that he is a perfectly independent person, and not so liberal of his praise as to render it worthless. Mr. Smallfield also occupies a position totally distinct from music, and has had nothing to do with this or any other late musical speculation; and as to myself, "the very head and front of my offending" has been, that in my professional capacity, and as Secretary of the Mechanics' Institute, having judged it proper, in conjunction with others, to give a performance of the *Messiah*, I persevered to the end, notwithstanding an unwise, and, to me, an extremely ill-natured opposition.

I am, Mr. Editor, yours truly,

Leicester, July 30, 1850.

C. OLDSHAW.

BROWN V. FLOWERS.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—I write to deprecate the introduction of such letters as the one inserted in last week's number of the *Musical World* from Mr. French Flowers. It is most disgraceful to the writer, be he who he may. I am happy to say I claim no sort of acquaintance with one so perfectly ignorant of all good breeding or restraint, or even the common usages of society. Mr. Aspull is equally a stranger to me, but certain I am that in all he has written he has had no other object in view than that of exposing an unseemly desire on the part of Mr. Flowers to get into notice, no matter how, when, or by what means. This I take to be the only cause of his writing, saving a certain sly yet grave wish to uphold the dignity of art and artists. His defence of John Barnett was admirable; not that John Barnett needs any defender, he wields a trenchant pen of his own. Still it was pleasing to see his merit known and appreciated, and protected against a malevolence none could be blind to. The absorption of the *Musical World* by Mr. Flowers deserved some reproof, it has been given in a happy strain of irony, not unaccompanied with a certain good nature always shown in Mr. Aspull's letters. I doubt the policy of such letters, whether as regards the interests of the writers, or the journal itself. Mr. Aspull is bound to defend himself from the gross and somewhat unfeeling attack made upon him. After that, I trust we may have no more personal recriminations. What matter is it, I ask, to your readers, whether Mr. Flowers is disagreeable or not in appearance; whether he looks as if all the bile under heaven had found its way into his complexion, and all the infernal irony of a Mephistopheles into his turned-up nose and insolently curled lip? The objects named in Mr. Aspull's letter are not touched upon. No argument is met fairly, and the whole letter of F. F.'s appears to be a vehicle of disappointed imitation—a feeble effort to wound personal feelings, where argument and common sense fail him. With all his wrath, I cannot think Mr. Flowers to be what all seem to think—a revengeful man. It is really painful to witness men of acknowledged merit, talent, virtue, and worth, thus unmercifully pulling one another to pieces, and either exciting the pity of, or furnishing amusement to, the bystanders and spectators, who, generally speaking, care not a farthing about the matter in dispute between them. If Mr. Flowers would write on the grammar and Mr. Aspull on the philosophy, of the art, much good might be done: both seem eminently qualified to give a series of highly instructive communications; let them urge their respective geniuses into a goodly race like this. It will, I am sure, oblige your readers, among whom, I claim that of being a most constant one.—I am yours, &c.,

HENRY BROWN.

Sunderland, July 22nd, 1850.

LINES FROM THE "LOTOS-EATERS."

"There is sweet music here that softer falls,
Than petals from blown roses on the grass,
Or night-dews on still waters between walls
Of shadowy granite, in a gleaming pass;
Music that gentlier on the spirit lies
Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes;
Music that brings sweet sleep down from the blissful skies."

PROVINCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MUSIC AT MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

ON Saturday evening last we were attracted by the announcement that two Italian tenors were to sing at a concert given at the Cosmorama now exhibiting at the Free Trade Hall—one of them the tenor who is so jealous of being criticised, Signor Onorato Leonardi (*alias* Paglieri), the other a Signor Ferrari. In justice to the chief proprietor and projector of the Cosmorama—H. B. Peacock, Esq.,—we must first allude to the exhibition, to which the little Italian concert was a mere adjunct. We were certainly amazed on entering the Hall to see what a wonderful metamorphosis had been made of the interior. We well knew Mr. Peacock's perseverance, energy, and talent, but he has proved himself a very Hercules in so cleansing and purifying that Augean stable cleft "The Free Trade Hall." What with "Jullien's monstre concert," "Concerts for the people," "religious and political meetings," "Franconi's French Circus," &c., &c., the Hall had got in a most filthy condition, and was greatly in need of the thorough cleansing it has undergone. Many do say that the condition and want of respectability in the locale had much to do with the falling off in subscribers to, and consequent suspension of, "The Hargreaves Choral Society." Be that as it may, our opinion is that "The Hargreaves Society" ought to have a more fitting hall of their own; and we look in vain for a resuscitation of that admirable institution, until a proper place be built in which to hold its meetings.

The Free Trade Hall now is less adapted for a choral society concert room than ever; but as a delightful and elegant lounge these warm summer evenings, we can imagine nothing more desirable. Except the Colosseum in London, we know no exhibition to surpass it. The appearance of the Hall is very much changed by a sort of piazza being carried out into the space in front of the original galleries, along each side, and across the end of the Hall opposite the platform. Along the floor in front of this piazza runs a low neat balustrade, similar to what did decorate the front of the Hargreave orchestra; and each recess or alcove has at its inner extremity a fine painting framed, as it were, with the piazza, the light being thrown on the picture without being seen by the spectator, in the same manner as at the Colosseum in the Regent's Park, the views of London and of Paris, whether by day or by night, are seen by the looker-on without his seeing whence the light comes that is thrown upon the picture. This is admirably contrived at the Free Trade Hall. In this manner are shown ten beautiful paintings—five on each side—one large one at the end; and another larger one at the end of the gallery itself. The ten consists of, on the first side, "The Bay of Naples," "The Fort of Ghuznee," "The City of Rouen," "The Valley of Oberwessel, on the Rhine" (moonlight), and "The Forum at Rome" then on the opposite side, "The Falls of Terni," "Buda, Pesth" (winter scene), "The City of Jerusalem," "The Rock of Gibraltar," and "Constantinople." The large one at the end below being "The Temple of Medinet-Abou," the one above the gallery, Guido's "Aurora," copied by Mr. McCallum, one of the masters of the School of Design. The entire work of the rest of the paintings and decorations of the Hall has been admirably executed by Mr. J. A. Hammersley, principal of the Manchester School of Design, and his pupils. On the pediment and pilasters, over and on each side of the pictures, there are appropriate designs and ornaments in keeping with the subject of the picture. The whole is in exquisite taste, and would form an exhibition of itself; but in addition, there are some tasteful arrangements of sculpture casts in niches at the corner of the hall, lined with deep red drapery, and a large mirror on each side of the end picture. There are two splendid casts, each seven feet high, of the Apollo Belvidere—and Diana la Biche—in appropriate niches, (lined as at the other end of the Hall,) on each side the proscenium. The drop scene is a distant view of Rome, seen through an opened curtain, the work of the same artist, assisted by Mr. Adams, of Drury Lane Theatre. And in the centre of the floor of the Hall rises a most elegant fountain, designed and executed by Mr. Jackson of this town. Having mentioned all this we have still left out the chief features of the Exhibition—a Dioramic Scene of the Valley of the Sacramento, and

a large Dioramic Picture, by Danson and Son of London, of "The Church of St. Peter's at Rome." The effect of the latter must be felt—it cannot be described. The immense interior is first seen by moonlight, with only here and there a group of two or three persons; the scene gradually changes to day and bright sunlight, then changes as it were by magic to the effect produced on the evening of Good Friday, when the vast space is lighted solely by an immense cross of brilliant lamps, suspended under the dome, and the before vacant nave and aisles are seen thronged with countless spectators. The effect is much heightened by the accompaniment of the organ, at the back of the picture—at first in low and solemn tones, until the change to the thronged and lighted interior, when the full power of the organ is brought out with excellent and thrilling sensation. But where all this time are the Italian singers and their concert? Immediately on the fall of the drop curtain, after the fine exhibition of St. Peter's, (above so very imperfectly and inadequately described,) a grand pianoforte was wheeled in front of the platform, and Signor Bailini made his bow. He was set down for "Forse in quel cor," from (Roberto Devereux,) Donizetti, but he gave us Bellini's, "Vi ravviso" instead. We did not like him so well as in Doctor Bartolo, at the Saturday proceedings, "Vi ravviso" is too high for Bailini's voice, which is not a baritone, and when he raises or attempts to raise his voice, it becomes hard, and shouting, not singing. Signor Ferrari next appeared in one of Verdi's inanities from *Ernani*, "Come rugiada." The Signor appears to be gifted with a fine voice, and sings like an artist of a certain school, which school, be it understood, we do not approve, viz., the alternate shouting and whispering, impassioned until it becomes a scream, and then dying away; the exaggerated school, in short, of which Mr. Sims Reeves is the head and front amongst our English singers. The school has numerous admirers, we are aware, some most enthusiastic ones amongst the writers for the press; still we cannot bring ourselves to like it; having formed our taste from listening to such singers as Braham, Donizetti, Curioni, Tischatzek, and later of Mario, Gardoni, Roger, Calzolari, &c., we prefer the sostenuto to the florid, and the tender to the extravagant. Signora Normani and Signor Montelli next came on, and pleased us very much by their clever singing, although their duet was the eternal and everlasting "Dunque io son." Some gentleman next made no sensation, by giving "Land of my birth," who he was did not appear. Signora Amato was to have given "I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls," but she did not shew. As the exhibition was the more important part of the affair, we suppose we must not be too particular about the concert programme being strictly fulfilled. Mr. Reed played one of De Beriot's solos in good style on the violin; he has no great power of tone, but his execution was very praiseworthy. Signora Normani then gave the "Ah non giunge" in such style as to receive an encore. She is decidedly more at home at a concert at present than on the stage; still we would advise her to persevere. We were rather disappointed at not seeing Madame Montreal's name in the programme, as we should have liked to have heard her again; by the way we were made to say last week, that Madame Montreal gave us "a taste of her *generality*" in singing the "Il segreto per esser felice"—we intended to say, "a taste of her *quality*"—as contralto singer. Signor Ferrari then gave the "Fra poco," from *Lucia*, with intense energy certainly, and exaggerated feeling, which won him the marked plaudits of Signor Paltoni and Madame Montreal, who were in the room, but made us sigh for the impassioned tenderness of Roger in the same scene. The only other vocality calling for remark was a romanza given by Signor Onorato Leonardi, entitled "Me sola andra," by one Sanelli. Who's he? Signor Leonardi did not impress us so powerfully as from his own showing, in his letters to the *Musical World*, he ought to have done. His voice appears to us very unequal and deficient; in the middle tones a tendency to shakiness; too much use of the falsetto, and an adherence to the exaggerated school we have been condemning just now. On the whole, we must agree with your Plymouth Correspondent, that the company this year is not equal to the Montenegro troupes of last summer—Madame herself being a host, of course puts Normani into the shade, both as an actress and a singer; and we very much prefer Santiago to Leonardi or Paglieri, whichever it may be. This week the Italian

company migrate elsewhere, and new attractions will have to be heard at the Cosmorama. We doubt not the spirited director will supply a constant succession of novelties in keeping with the elegant character of the room. The ceiling we omitted to notice, perhaps because we thought it the least successful; it is chiefly ornamented with lattice work, with vines and bunches of grapes, &c., intertwined. It did not strike us as being so good either in design or effect as the rest of the Hall; but, at any rate, it is a world in advance upon the red carpet pattern which before disfigured the roof. We ought to mention, that cosmorama and concert cost only one shilling!

AMUSEMENTS AT MANCHESTER.

(From a Correspondent.)

ALTHOUGH hitherto your correspondence from this place has chiefly been confined to musical doings, it may be, your provincial readers may feel some interest in knowing what is going on among us in the world of amusements generally; it is, therefore, we take up our "metallic" first to speak of the Cosmoramic Exhibition, at present open in our great Free Trade Hall. One of our German writers has somewhere said, that for the proper enjoyment of life, "one ought every day to hear a little music, to read a little poetry, to see a good picture, and, if it were possible, to say a few reasonable words." In this age of utilitarianism, we much question the practicability of our good natured friend's doctrine; however, our townsman, the indefatigable and enterprising caterer for the public appetite, Mr. Peacock, ever ready to provide all that is really good and legitimate in art, has afforded us one of the most refined and agreeable exhibitions it has ever been our good fortune to enjoy. Here we find painting and sculpture harmoniously blending with their twin sister of "early Greece." Threading our way round graceful groups of statuary; surrounded by lovely pictures of hill, dale, wood, and sky; cooling fountains gushing forth refreshing jets; and all enlivened by the seductive tones of most exquisite music, discoursed by those clever artistes, Messrs. Ellwood, Royal, and Co., render this altogether one of the most charming lounges for the summer months. The spirited directors, anxious to "snatch a grace within the reach of art," have this week, in addition to the other attractions, engaged that famed of English warblers, Mrs. Sunderland, who has each evening been received with marked approbation. We may here just add our meed of thanks to the untiring chef, Mr. H. B. Peacock, whose efforts on all occasions deserve our praise for bringing into available exercise our native talent wherever it can be found; he alone it was who established and so successfully carried out the two past lengthened series of cheap "Concerts for the People," thereby giving employment to musical artists, choral and otherwise, who, in the absence of which, might have probably had to "waste their sweetness on the desert air." To Mr. Peacock, also, in the present instance, are we indebted for having concentrated and put into practical working the talent now germinating in our local school of design. The Cosmoramic Exhibition, which is throughout executed in a most creditable manner, being almost solely the productions of students and others in connection with this school, may be viewed as a most pleasing and satisfactory evidence of the direction art education is taking among us.

In musical hemispheres, matters are somewhat dull with us; we expect the eager conductor of the weekly concerts, Mr. D. W. Banks, is cramming his wallet with choice dainties for the ensuing season, which report says, opens in October next. Rumour, with her hundred tongues, has also informed us, we are not to give up all hopes of once more hearing the "Nightingale" previous to her flight, despite the strong and reiterated opinions of your Liverpool correspondent to the contrary—we are not to be frightened out of a good thing easily. We understand, Mario and troupe also intend us a flying visit during the recess at our Theatre Royal. You will be glad to hear, our clever townsman, Mr. Glover, has now published his "Emmanuel;" a copy having been put in our hands to-day, we may soon have an opportunity of fairly judging of its merits. Talking of our oratorio composers, it may not be uninteresting to know, there be "two Richmonds in the field." Horsley tells us, he has in his portfolio an oratorio to be called

"David;" the writer has just dropped across a young composer of considerable promise, a Mr. Henry Hiles, from the neighbourhood of Sunderland, who has also ready, in manuscript, an oratorio on the same subject, and to take the same title. As one of old somewhat pointedly exclaimed once, "Taou art the man!" we cannot now determine which shall be the man when the works come before the world; we heard a rehearsal of Mr. Hiles's work the other day, and consider it a clever production—in short, it is not improbable we may be favoured with a public performance of it some few months hence if Mr. Banks can only lay hold of it; he withholds nothing good from the people. Jullien, on his garden tour, has just hovered over us, but dropped down to leave us a little "sound and fury;" truly he is a wizard—all the town went out to hear him.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA AT LIVERPOOL.

(From our own Correspondent.)

THE great provincial musical "event" of the year 1850 is fast approaching; and, on a small scale, we shall soon have another attack of the Jenny Lind fever, as nothing now is talked of here but her concerts at our Philharmonic Hall, which have excited a great interest throughout the whole of the empire. Even now almost every ticket is taken, and in a few days they will, I expect, fetch an enormous premium, and perhaps induce some one to act in the manner of the Russian *fanatico* mentioned in your admirably written sketch respecting him, which lately appeared in the *Musical World*. The demand for tickets has been enormous; and parties from London, Dublin, Edinburgh, &c., many of these coming under the denomination of "aristocratic," have secured places. The galleries are already bought up, and it is now decided by the committee to add five hundred seats to the accommodation of the hall—thus making the hall available together for 2800 persons. At least, therefore, the speculation will "pay."

What was at first only proposed is now settled—that the *Messiah* will be given on the 19th; and this being the third oratorio in which Jenny Lind has appeared, (the others being *Elijah* and the *Creation*), the interest will be considerably greater than if she limited herself to the usual round of hackneyed operatic extracts. She will sing all the solo soprano music. The programme of the first concert has been drawn up by Mr. Benedict, for Jenny Lind's approval, and has been forwarded to Germany for her inspection. The plan is as follows:—

PART I.

- Overture—"Flauto Magico" Mozart.
 Chorus—"All hail, Victoria" Mozart.
 Duetto—"Bella imago."—Miss M. Williams and Signor Belletti (*Semiramide*) Rossini.
 Aria—"Qui a voce."—Mdlle. Jenny Lind (*Puritani*) Bellini.
 Barcarola—"Sulla poppa del mio Briok" (*La Prigione d'Edinburgo*)—Signor Belletti Ricci.
 Ballad.—Miss Andrews.
 Duetto—"Per piacer alla Signora."—Mdlle Jenny Lind and Signor Belletti (*Il Turco in Italia*) Rossini.
 Andante and Chase for three real parts (introducing his novel effects: First time of performance.—M. Vivier Vivier.
 Cavatina—"Und ob die Wolke."—Mdlle. Jenny Lind (*Freischütz*) C. F. Weber.

PART II.

- Overture—"Jessonda." Spohr.
 Part Song.—Miss Andrews and Miss M. Williams Mendelssohn.
 Ballad—"Take this Lute." Composed for Mdlle. Jenny Lind; (first time of performance in Liverpool)—Mdlle. Jenny Lind Benedict.
 Chorus.
 Tarantella.—Signor Belletti Rossini.
 Aria—"Non paventar."—Mdlle. Jenny Lind—(*Flauto Magico*) Mozart.
 Ballad.—Miss M. Williams.
 Chorus.
 Swedish Song.—Mdlle. Jenny Lind.
 March (*Athalia*), or (*Wedding March*) Mendelssohn.

The following facts respecting her transatlantic trip. I copy from a local contemporary:—"The final arrangements have been completed for the departure of Jenny Lind, by the Atlantic steamer,

which sails from Liverpool for New York on the 21st August. The gentleman to whom the important mission of completing the arrangement has been confided, and who will officiate as Madlle. Lind's secretary during her American tour, has received from Messrs. Baring a letter, stating their perfect satisfaction with the securities deposited with them for the fulfilment of the engagement, and he has left England for Germany, to receive the Nightingale's final instructions. She will arrive in England early in the ensuing month. In Madlle. Lind's American engagement it is specially agreed that she is not to sing in operas, but simply in concerts, for two hundred of which she is engaged, at two hundred and fifty pounds each concert, with additional profits, after the receipts of a certain sum by the manager; all her travelling expenses, by sea and land, are to be paid, as well as those of her household, servants, carriages, &c. Signor Belletti, from her Majesty's Theatre, has also been engaged to sing at the same concerts, on the most liberal terms, and Mr. Benedict is to receive five thousand guineas to conduct the series. Barnum is building a Monstre Concert-hall in New York expressly for the occasion, and so great is the *furor* her anticipated arrival has created, that tickets for Madlle. Lind's concert are already at a premium, and it is expected to realise the enormous sum of *twenty-five thousand dollars*. Preparations are also making to give her a triumphal reception on landing, where she will be greeted with a procession, in which forty young ladies of the first families in New York will appear dressed in white, and she will be conveyed to her hotel in an elegant carriage, drawn by four milk-white steeds. Nor is the excitement in this town less intense; nearly every berth has been engaged in 'The Jenny Lind boat,' so eager is the desire of the Americans who are returning home to be her travelling companions."

Judging from the reception the Yankees gave to Fanny Ellsler, all our European madness will be eclipsed by the "go-ahead" sons of America, whose enthusiasm, when once aroused, is on a par with all around them—"gigantic," in fact. The Philharmonic Society had also intended to have engaged Sontag for a concert, but being like almost all "prima donnas," *rather whimsical*, their urbane secretary, whose triumph in securing the services of Jenny Lind has so astonished the Londoners, could not bring her to terms; and so, for the present, it is doubtful if we shall this year hear her in Liverpool.

At the Amphitheatre Mr. Anderson, Mr. Cathcart, and Mr. Emery have been playing in the former gentleman's translated tragedy of *Fiesco* with considerable success. The piece was well got up, and, though heavy, it was so admirably acted that it created quite a *furor*.

Mr. Copeland, our active manager, has succeeded in inducing Miss Cushman, who is at present on a visit to her sister, now a resident in Liverpool, to appear at the Amphitheatre for one night only. Miss Cushman, it appears, having had occasion to visit England for a short period upon business of a domestic nature only, had declined all arrangements for appearing in public, either in London or in the provinces; but, in compliance with the request of the numerous friends and admirers of this highly talented lady, Mr. Copeland has prevailed upon her to play, on Monday, the 12th instant, Meg Merrilies, in *Guy Mannering*.

M. Jullien gave a concert at the Zoological Gardens last Friday; but as it rained all the evening, only a select 2000, who managed to squeeze into the great concert hall, could hear him. Several other thousands who were disappointed, hope to have better luck next Monday, when the "gran maestro" of wondrous orchestral effects gives another "monstre fête musicale." That I "may be there to see" is the devout wish of yours, &c.

Liverpool, August 1, 1850.

J. H. N.

MISCELLANEOUS.

JENNY LIND is at Wiesbaden. She was to sing at a concert yesterday.

MADLLE. SONTAG is engaged at the Gloucester Festival in September.

ALBONI has been singing at Nantes. She is engaged for three months at Madrid, for the winter season.

MADAME FREZZOLINI is engaged for the winter at Madrid. An engagement has also been offered to Formes.

RACHEL was to make her first appearance at Berlin on Thursday.

ERNST.—This celebrated violinist leaves London on Tuesday for Paris. He is engaged, at enormous terms, for a provincial tour in the month of January, by Mr. Beale.

STEPHEN HELLER, the eminent composer and pianist, will leave London for Paris on Tuesday.

M. BRANDUS, the eminent music-publisher, returned to Paris on Sunday, came back to London on Thursday to hear *La Tempesta*, and again left on Friday.

MUNYARD.—In the list of mortality comes poor "little Munyard," of the Adelphi, one of the few new actors who might decidedly be pronounced a "rising man." He had a quality—and that a great one—which is not always possessed by more elevated members of his profession: he was a thorough artist—that is to say, he could modify himself to suit the peculiarities of a character, and was not obliged to mould the character according to his own idiosyncrasy. —*London Review*.

FRENCH PLAYS.—Mr. Mitchell's French season has been successful beyond precedent, and distinguished more than usual by his well-known spirit. During the operatic portion he produced, besides established works, Halévy's *Val d'Andorre*. Herold's *Zampa*, Adam's *Roi d'Yvetot* and *Postillon de Lonjumeau*, and Thomas's *Caid*. His comedy season was marked by the simultaneous engagement of M. Samson, M. Regnier, Mademoiselle Denain, and Mademoiselle Nathalie, who all appeared together in Scribe's admirable comedy of *Le Camaraderie*. The comedy of *Gabrielle*, by M. Emile Augier, the last Parisian production of importance, was likewise given, and the engagement of M. Lafont caused the revival of several favourite works. To this successful series of performances the triumphant career of Mademoiselle Rachel, which raised all London to enthusiasm, has been a worthy climax. —*Times*.

MR. FREED. OSBORNE WILLIAMS' EVENING CONCERT, HORNS ASSEMBLY ROOMS, KENNINGTON.—We feel no hesitation in saying that this concert was one of the best of its class we ever attended. Everything connected with it was on a very superior scale, while the numerous and fashionable audience it attracted, forms a convincing proof that a liberal and judicious speculation is never—even in these days of musical excess—unheeded or unsupported by the public. Mr. F. O. Williams had secured for this occasion the talents of Herr Ernst, Mr. Sims Reeves, Miss Poole, Miss Ellen Day (the pianiste), Miss Fanny Huddart, Madame Mortier de Fontaine, Mr. G. Perren, Signor Bottura, and Mr. Thomas Williams. The circumstance that at this concert Herr Ernst was to make his last appearance in England for a considerable period, invested the entertainment with an unusual degree of interest. The programme was admirably selected, comprising several *morceaux*, which, to those accustomed to the hackneyed items which generally constitute the bill of fare of an English concert, must have been refreshing,—we need only instance, among others, the beautiful quartet for male voices, from the "Comte Ory," (excellently delivered by Mr. F. O. Williams, Mr. G. Perren, Mr. Thomas Williams, and Signor Bottura); a quartet from Auber's *Sirène*, executed by the same gentlemen; and Beethoven's "Adelaida," most expressively rendered by Mr. Sims Reeves. We have often lamented the impotency of words to express the sensations arising from the hearing of music of the highest order, but never did we so deeply feel their sterile inadequacy in this respect as on Monday evening, while listening to Herr Ernst's magnificent performance of his fantasia on *Otello*. Never was the plaintive melancholy of the "Willow Song" so beautifully interpreted as by this poet of the violin. It is needless to say that the audience were most enthusiastic in their appreciation of the greatest violinist of our times. Mr. Sims Reeves was in glorious voice, and, in addition to "Adelaida," already mentioned, sang Balfe's "In this old chair," and the "Death of Nelson." Miss Ellen Day performed Thalberg's "Il Don Giovanni," with her usual firmness and brilliancy. Of Miss Poole's three songs, two were encored. We never see or hear this lady without thinking what an acquisition her fresh voice, distinct articulation, and earnest natural manners, would have proved to French Opera Comique. A word of praise is due to the bass singing of Signor Bottura, whose rendering of "Non piu Andrai" was very much applauded. Madame Mortier de Fontaine sang "In questo semplice" with great taste and neatness. The same eulogium must be conferred on Mr. G. Perren, a

rising tenor, who sang two English ballads with considerable feeling. In concluding our notice of this entertainment, we must express our regret that Mr. Fred. O. Williams, whose previous pianoforte performances in public have proved him to possess talent as a pianist of no mean order, did not on this occasion perform a solo himself (his own lively and spirited fantasia on the *Figlia del Reggimento*, for instance); but we presume the numerous responsibilities devolving on his office of conductor rendered this impossible. *Enfin*, we can only express our hope that this concert has proved as productive to its giver as it was delightful to the large audience who attended it.—(From a Correspondent.)

HERR HERMANN and SIGNOR RICHELMI gave a joint *matinée musicale*, at the residence of R. Keats, Esq., 11, Hertford Street, May Fair, on Monday week. Herr Herrmann, as his complimentary prefix implies, is a German. He is an excellent violinist, with a fine correct tone and speedy execution. Signor Richelmi is a singer of much talent. The violinist and the singer were assisted by Miss Masson, Miss Ransford, Mademoiselle Nau, Signor Salvatore Tamburini, Signor Ciabatta, Signor Gardoni, and Mr. Drayton, as vocalists; and Signor Piatti (violincello), and Mr. Osborne (pianoforte), as instrumentalists. Herr Herrmann was encored in a fantasia on *Norma*, which he played with great brilliancy and effect. Messrs. Frelon and Schimon, and Signor Fossi, were the conductors.

MADemoiselle IDA BERTRAND.—The talented artiste, who fills the post of *prima contralto* at Her Majesty's Theatre, treated her friends and admirers to a vocal *fête* on Monday morning, July the 22nd, at the new Concert-room, 27, Queen Anne Street, Cavendish Square. Mademoiselle Ida Bertrand was supported by a host of talent, including the *élite* of Her Majesty's Theatre—Mesdames Sontag, Frezzolini, and Giuliani, Mademoiselle Parodi, Signori Coletti, Lorenzo, Gardoni, Lablache, &c. &c. Vivier played the corno obligato accompaniments to a romanza sung by Gardoni. The room was well attended. Baffe, Eckert, Biletta and Frelon presided, by turns, at the pianoforte.

LITERARY and SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTION.—A concert took place at the above institution, in Aldersgate Street, on Friday, the 26th ult. The singers were,—Miss Felton, Miss Stewart, Miss Clari Fraser, Mr. D. Williams, Mr. Tedder, and Mr. T. J. Horne. An efficient band was provided, who played the overtures to *Agnes*, *Oberon*, the *Nozze di Figaro*, and *Romberg's* in D. Mons. Prospero performed a solo on the ophicleide. Mr. Patey was the leader, Mr. Smith the director, and Mr. Cornish presided at the piano.

SIGNOR CIRO PINSUTI, an Italian performer on the pianoforte, in thorough request in fashionable circles, gave a *matinée musicale*, at 27, Queen Anne Street, Cavendish Square, on Wednesday, the 17th ult. The programme presented a strong array of talent, and was made up of the usual reminiscences, operatic and popular. The vocalists were Signor Marchesi, Mr. Whitworth, Signor Ciabatta, Signor Brizzi, Signor Tamberlik, Signor Ronconi, Mademoiselle Charton, and Mademoiselle de Meric. Signor Piatti and Mons. Demeur assisted Signor Pinsuti in the instrumental line. Ronconi sang the "Largo al factotum" in his happiest manner, and Mdle. Charton the favourite aria from *L'Ambasadrice* in her happiest manner, and both were greatly applauded. The accompanist department was shared between Signori Alary, Vera, Pinsuti, Biletta, Bellini, &c. &c.; in fact, nearly every separate piece had a separate conductor—a peculiarity in the concert which, perhaps, was not weighed at its full value by the audience.

EXTRAORDINARY TRANSPOSITION IN MUSIC.—At one of the principal churches in Pesth, recently, the performance of *The Messiah* was appointed for a charitable purpose. On the morning of the day appointed for the oratorio to be executed, it was discovered that the organ had been tuned exactly a semi-tone too high. This, as might naturally be supposed, would greatly distress some of the principal singers; but how it was to be remedied no one could tell until the organist, a Bohemian by birth, suggested that he should play the whole one half note lower, and which he actually effected. Only thorough musicians can appreciate the difficulty of such a task, and the surprise was still greater at the facility of the performance.—*La Monde Musicale*.

BRISTOL.—On Wednesday evening week, a concert of Sacred Music was given at the Royal Gloucester Hotel, by amateurs of

Bristol. Mr. A. Denning presided at the pianoforte. The choruses were well sustained by about a hundred performers. The concert, which was patronised by his Worship the Mayor, seemed to give general satisfaction to a highly respectable audience.—*Felix Farley*.

THE HIPPOPOTAMUS'S BED-FELLOW.—During the voyage "our fat friend" attached himself yet more strongly to his attendant and interpreter, Hamet; indeed, the devotion to his person which this assiduous and thoughtful person had manifested from his first promotion to the office had been of a kind to secure such a result from any one at all accessible to kindly affections. Hamet had commenced by sleeping side by side with his charge in the house at Cairo, and adopted the same arrangement for the night during the first week of the voyage to England. Finding, however, as the weather grew warmer, and the hippopotamus bigger and bigger, that this was attended with some inconvenience, Hamet had a hammock slung from the beams immediately over the place where he used to sleep—in fact, just over his side of the bed—by which means he was raised two or three feet above his usual position. Into this hammock got Hamet, and having assured the hippopotamus, both by his voice, and by extending one arm over the side, so as to touch him, that he was there as usual at his side, and "all was right," he presently fell asleep. How long he slept Hamet does not know, but he was awake by the sensation of a jerk and a hoist, and found himself lying on the bed in his old place, close beside our fat friend. Hamet tried the experiment once more; but the same thing again occurred. No sooner was he asleep than the hippopotamus got up—raised his broad nose beneath the heaviest part of the hammock that swung lowest, and by an easy and adroit toss, pitched Hamet clean out. After this, Hamet, acting on his rule of never thwarting his charge in anything reasonable, abandoned the attempt of a separate bed, and took up his nightly quarters by his side as before.—*Dichens's Household Words*.

A LITERARY LOPEZ.—A new literary enterprise has just been started in New York, which illustrates the working of the system by which English literature is made to enrich American publishers. This is a monthly magazine by the Harpers, the well known baronial house in Cliffe-street, who have amassed an immense fortune, principally by their sagacious selection of current English books for the American market. This magazine consists of selections from the whole compass of British periodical literature, including popular extracts from favourite English books, which they receive in advance of their publication in London. The plan is not altogether new in this country, but this differs from any that have preceded it in its extent and cheapness. For instance, the forthcoming July number will contain the cream of all the June periodicals, with copious specimens of new books that will scarcely have made their public appearance in London at that time, like Leigh Hunt's charming autobiography, and other works of similar interest. This plan keeps curiosity alive, and with the contents of the magazine it will be abundantly gratified, each number containing as much matter as a volume of *Macaulay's History of England*, and sold at the ridiculously low price of 25 cents. The sale of this work amounted to 20,000 copies within the first fortnight of its publication, and will probably run up to 50,000 before the close of the year. This certainly shows the popularity of English literature in this country, whatever inference may be drawn as to American justice.—*Manchester Examiner*.

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cations for the Editor are to be addressed, post paid. To be had of G.
Perkins, Dean Street, Soho; Allen, Warwick Lane; Vickers, Holywell Street,
and at all Booksellers.—Saturday, August 3rd, 1850.